Ham. How chances it the trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Do the hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke & those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little: s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophy could find it out. A *Florish.*

Guyl. There are the players

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands, come then th'apportenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the players, which I tell you must showe fayrely outwards, should more appeare like entertainement then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I know a Hauke, from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guyldensterne*, & you too, at each eare a hearer, that great baby as you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy that he comes to tell me of the players; marke it, you say right sir a Monday morning t'was then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz,

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall-Comicall, Historical-Pastorall, seeme indeuidable.

indeuidable, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot bee too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which hee loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*?

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will show you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in Dēmark? what my young lady and Mistris, by lady your ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Faukners, flie at any thing wee see, weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleasd not the million, t'was cauiary to the general, but it was as I receiued it & others, whose iudgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't *I* chiefly loued, t'was *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrhus* like Th'ircanian beast,